

# Tent Flaps

Michael Rutter

A wind tugged at the flaps of my tent; night long  
I've heard the lyric  
Before as other battles came, with dawn, and went;  
The frozen earth's floor  
Stained with soldier's blood, having been rent  
The earth is sapped with jagged wounds,  
For death loomed,  
Bringing vision  
Of cool winds on mountain lakes  
And flowing fields of dry-land wheat  
Near a childhood home  
On the Salt River, Starr Valley;  
Then, the Ghent Wind,  
The frozen body, face up, pale,  
And a jammed rifle  
Told of nations sinning  
And not caring for their sin—  
The carrion flower;  
The wind's power  
Tugged at the flaps of my tent,  
And morning was dashed by cannon fire.

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